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deal of talk and bargaining were going forward in the presence chamber for things wanted from our ship. When these important affairs were settled, my husband joined us, and rice, fresh eggs, and coffee, were placed on the table, and we managed to make a very good breakfast, after which, we took our leave of the shrewd and merry old king, and, according to a promise we had made, proceeded to the residence of the Prince of Wales, where we were to pass the morning, until the bargain that had been concluded was executed.

As we walked along I heard from one of the huts a buzzing, humming noise, like a set of school-boys at their tasks; I popped my head in, and found I was not mistaken, and, from the glance I had of the school-master, I was sure he was a European; but we were so hurried along, on account of the intense heat, that I had no time for further observation. The residence of the Prince of Wales, I was gratified by remarking, evidently shewed the improvement of the rising generation; it had a cheerful verandah, and two or three little rooms behind, which were airy and clean. The walls of the verandah were entirely covered with pictures, prints, wood-cuts, &c., with a number of little common looking glasses, children's toys, and beads. After we had taken off our bonnets, and rested and fanned ourselves until we were as cool as we could be in a shade where the heat was at least at 96° Fahr., we accepted the prince's proposal to introduce us to his wife, and accompanied him into a back apartment, very superior in all respects to that of the queen: a curtain that was suspended in the centre was looped up, and behind it sat the princess on a low couch, *à la Turque*. She was young, and near her first *accouchement*—more animated, but not so pretty, as her sisters-in-law. An old woman was seated on the floor, opposite the couch, who we understood was her mother, and who seemed wrapped up in the contemplation of her daughter's grandeur. She was not, however, grand enough to satisfy her husband, who whispered something to her, on which she reluctantly pointed to a bundle on a shelf behind her; this he took down, and, opening it, threw a shawl over her, which, I suppose, he considered richer than the one she had on, and, having laid another on the couch, put back the bundle and left us. As soon as he was gone, she spoke to her mother and smiled a little, as if she were amused at what he had done; she then turned to us with some attention and curiosity, and touched and examined the materials of our dresses; but as we could do nothing but stare and smile at one another, I was not sorry when his Royal Highness returned. As he appeared the most civilized of their community, I ventured to ask him whether the princess would not prefer sitting out with us in the verandah. He smiled, and shook his head. "Not to day, lady, too much stranger." He then inquired what we called that relationship that would exist between his father, the king, and the child that was expected. I explained to him the terms grandson, granddaughter, grandchild, grandchildren, which he quickly understood and repeated with a good accent. We soon took our leave, and returned to the verandah.

The island of Joanna, which, I believe, is about the size of that of Madeira, is very beautiful and fertile: a wild and luxuriant vegetation covers its surface, undulating with hill and dale to the very margin of the sea; towards the interior it is mountainous. Every thing that has yet been tried thrives exceedingly well, not even excepting *cotton*; of coffee there is abundance. The inhabitants themselves are eager for improvement, and very capable of it; and their veneration for the English is so great that I am sure with a little management, we might effect any change we judged proper.

When the breeze sprung up we took leave of Joanna, her monarch, and his court. As the island faded on our view, I could scarcely believe that what I had witnessed was *real life*. If, reader, you have ever had the luxury of sitting out a solemn play by strolling actors in a barn, with their robes and their rags, their tinsel, and poverty, their assumed dignity and inexorable gravity, you will be able to form a just idea of my impression—only that yours was produced by representation, and mine by reality. *Amulet.*

PEARL FISHING.

Extract of a letter from Sir Robert Redding, F. R. S., concerning the pearl-fishing in the north of Ireland:—

"Dublin, 13th October, 1688.

"The manner of their fishing is not extraordinary; the poor people in the warm months, before the harvest is ripe, whilst the rivers are low and clear, go into the water; some with their toes, some with wooden tongs, and some by putting a sharpened stick into the opening of the shell, take them up; and, although by common estimate, not above one shell in a hundred may have a pearl, and of these pearls not above one in a hundred be tolerably clear, yet a vast number of fair merchantable pearls, and too good for the apothecary, are offered to sale by these people every summer assize. Some gentlemen of the country make good advantage thereof: and myself while there saw one pearl bought for fifty shillings that weighed thirty-six carats, and was valued at forty pounds; and had it been as clear as some others produced therewith, would certainly have been very valuable. Every body abounds with stories of the good pennyworths of the country, but I will add but one more. A miller took a pearl which he sold for four pounds ten shillings, to a man that sold it for ten pounds, who sold it to the late Lady Glenanly for thirty pounds, with whom I saw it in a necklace; she refused eighty pounds for it from the late Duchess of Ormond."

He mentions that he sent with the letter a few pearls taken in the river near Omagh; also, that there are four rivers abounding with the fish, that empty themselves into Lough Foyle; also, that there are other rivers in the County *Dunnagall*, a river near Dundalk, the *Shure*, running by Waterford, and Lough Lean in Kerry, which afford like fish.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF FRANCE.

Cards were invented by Jacques Gringoreur, a painter at Paris, in the reign of Charles the Sixth, King of France, to amuse that prince, who was occasionally insane. Piquet was the first game played. The ace, named from the Latin word *As*, which signifies, *generally*, wealth. Spades and diamonds mean arms; the heavy arrows formerly shot from cross-bows, being shaped like the diamonds in cards. Hearts mean courage. Clubs represented trefoil, an herb that grows in meadows; this was to imply that a general should never encamp without good opportunities for forage. The kings, originally, were portraits of David, son of Jesse; Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne; each with his esquire, from ecuyer, called in the middle ages, valet, or knave, titles in those days considered as *honourable*. Judith, queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the lovely Isabeau de Barriere wife of Charles the Sixth. Argine, the queen of clubs, is an anagram, formed of regina, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the Seventh of France. The queen of diamonds, under the name of Rachel, was Agnes de Soreille, the mistress of that prince; and the queen of Spades, under the semblance of Minerva, was designed as a picture of Joan d'Arc. The commencement of the insanity of Charles the Sixth is thus related. That monarch was seized with a slow fever at Mans; on his march to attack the Duke of Brittany, his impatience to proceed induced him to resist the advice of his physicians, and to continue his march. As he passed through a forest between Mans and La Fleche, in the heat of the day, the bridle of his horse was suddenly seized by a man in wretched apparel, black and hideous; who exclaimed, "my king, where are you going? you are betrayed!" and then instantly disappeared. At that moment, a page who carried the king's lance, and who, under the pressure of fatigue, had fallen asleep, let fall the lance on a helmet which another page carried before him. This noise, with the sudden appearance and exclamation of the man, concurred to produce an immediate and fatal effect on the king's imagination. He drew his sword, and struck furiously on every side; three persons, beside the page who dropped his lance, were the victims of his frenzy: at length the king was disarmed and secured. The violence of the effort had exhausted his strength; and he was conveyed, senseless and motionless,

to Mans. This account, strange and improbable as it may appear, is yet supported by the concurrent testimonies of contemporary historians. The delirium lasted for three days; but though he recovered from it, he no longer possessed that clear comprehension and strength of judgment, which had formerly distinguished him; and another extraordinary accident replunged him into his former phrenzy, which unhappy state continued, though with some intervals of reason, to the last moments of his life.

A COLD.

At this season of the year, hardly a single person escapes what is called a cold, and but few so afflicted know how to treat it. The following advice is that given by a late physician of eminence. "When a cold, attended with a cough, is fastening upon a person, what is proper to be done? This ought generally to be known, as the poor cannot afford, and others at first will seldom take the pains to seek advice. It is not right then, in the beginning of a cold, to make the room where you sit warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed-clothes, to wrap yourself in flannel, or to drink large draughts of piping hot barley-water, boiled up with reasons, figs, liquorice-root, and the like. This is the right way to make the disorder worse. Perhaps there would be hardly such a thing as a bad cold, if people were to keep cool, to refrain from wine and strong drinks, and to confine themselves for a short time to simple diet, as potatoes or other vegetables, with toast and water. I have known instances of heat in the nostrils, difficulty of breathing, with a short tickling cough, and other symptoms threatening a violent cold, go off entirely, in consequence of this plan being pursued. I have found the pulse beat from twelve to twenty strokes in a minute less, after a person at the onset of a cold had continued quiet three quarters of an hour in a cool room. It is not only warmth, suddenly applied, that will throw any part of the body, after it has been starved or benumbed, into violent action, and bring on an inflammation; strong liquors will do the same."

It may be of use to state that spirits, or strong mixtures, are highly injurious, and should be carefully avoided during journeys in the open air. People are too apt to suppose, that a dram will fortify them against severe frost; but this is a gross error. If any part of the body be benumbed, it should be rubbed with cold water, or snow, and brought to its usual heat by degrees. When cold has occasioned apparent death, the body should be placed in a room without a fire, and rubbed steadily with snow or cloths wet with cold water; at the same time the bellows should be applied to the nostril, and used as is directed in the case of drowned persons.

SMUGGLING IN THE NETHERLANDS.

Dogs of a very large and strong breed for the purpose of draft, are harnessed in the Netherlands, like horses, and chiefly employed in drawing carts with fish, vegetables, eggs, &c., to market. Previous to the year 1725, such dogs were also employed in smuggling, which was the more easy, as they are extremely docile. As it is probable that this mode of smuggling may have been again resorted to since the year 1815, the following account will be found correct. The dogs were accustomed to go backwards and forwards between two places on the frontiers, without any person to attend them. A dog of this kind was often worth six or seven lous d'ors, as the training cost some trouble. Being loaded with parcels of goods, lace, &c, like mules, they set out, and only when it was perfectly dark. An excellent, quick scented dog, always went some paces before the other, stretched out his nose to all quarters, and when he scented custom-house-officers, &c., turned back, which was the signal for immediate flight. Concealed in ditches, behind bushes, &c., the dogs lay, till all was safe; they then proceeded on their journey, and reached at last, beyond the frontier, the dwelling of the receiver, who was in the secret. But here also, the leader only at first shewed himself, but on hearing, a certain whistle which was the signal that every thing was right, they all hastened up. They were then unloaded, taken to a convenient stable, where there was a good layer of hay, and well fed. There they rested till midnight, and then returned in the same manner back, over

the frontiers. In London, the butchers make dogs draw carts with a quarter of ox-beef; and the poor peasantry of Ireland might make dogs draw manure when they could not afford to keep a horse. J. D

TO MY INFANT BOY.

BY ELEANOR DICKENSON.

My cherub boy! thy young heart is light;
Thy glance of beauty, how wild and bright,
Tells of a spirit unchilled by care:
Long! long may such innocent mirth beam there!
Thy coral lip of frolic and glee,
May well to such eye meet companion be;
Thy rosy cheek and thy forehead high,
Bear promise most dear to a mother's eye.
The first tells of years of health for thee;
The second of mind's high destiny,
The silken locks that so lightly press
Around each fair temple's calm recess,
And shining fall on thy neck of snow,
Oh! far more dear are than Ophir's glow,
Thy limbs in infantine beauty cast,
Tell of a vigour and grace to last;
And thy guileless spirit, so frank and free,
Oh! dearer still is than all to me!
Vain were the wish! vain were the prayer!
That sorrow might ne'er mingle bitterness there!
My darling boy! I ask not, oh no!
That thou escape what each mortal must know,
I ask not that treasures of wealth be thine,
And fame ope the shafts of that golden mine:
Far higher my hopes aspire for thee,
Through the clouds of time to eternity:
There may I find thee a spirit of light,
When earth has returned to a chaos of night.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

When forth sallies Sol from the portals of heaven,
Right glad to revisit his kingdom again;
Should morn meet his gaze, with the blushes of even,
Don't stir from your home, for 'tis certain to rain.
Though Night on her goblin steed tramp to the west,
By the heralds of morning forbidden to stay,
Though the great goggling owl has retired to his rest,
And veiled his grim eye-balls aghast at the day.
Though creation above, all around, and below,
Seem to question your reason for keeping so close:
Still do not be tempted a gadding to go,
Remember the doctor, his fee, and his dose.
Oh! stay, lest the dragon-winged demon of strife
Slip his death-dealing tempests while you are abroad;
What would ever become of yourself or your wife,
Should you and they happen to meet on the road.
Not so, when in modest apparel, the morn
Steps forward to promise a sunshiney day;
Then, beware lest her kind invitation you scorn,
With wife, children, and all, to the hills trot away.
What is true of the weather's as true of the world,
How oft are the fair by a red-coat beguiled?
How oft for an empty head, feathered and curled,
Has poor Pat had to finish his days in the wild?
Gay meteors may plume the dark brow of the storm,
The bright hectic flush is the herald of death;
Apollyon may borrow Ithuriel's form
And a guinea outside be a copper beneath.
Then take my advice, when you purchase a wife,
A home, or a husband, or anything dear,
Judge not by externals, lest, haply for life,
A tempest may bellow my song in your ear. ☉

DUBLIN:

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